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Deduction made to those who advertise by
the year.

Poetry.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

Loiter upon life's sea,
To yourself be true,
And whate'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe.

Soberly brave the wildest storms,
Stem the hardest gale,
Brave of heart and strong of arm
You will never fail.

When the world is cold and dark,
Keep an aim in view,
And toward the beacon mark
Paddle your own canoe.

Every wave that bears you on
To the silent shore,
From its sunny source has gone,
To return no more.

Then let not an hour's delay
Cheat you of your due;
But, while it is called to-day
Paddle your own canoe.

If your birth denied you wealth,
Softly state and power,
Honest fame and hardy health
Are a better dower.

But if these will not suffice,
Golden gain pursue,
To gain the glittering prize,
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame
From the hand of Fate;
Would you win a deathless name,
With the good and great;

Would you bless your fellow men,
Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant Wrong,
In the world's free fight,
With a spirit brave and strong,
Battle for the right;

And to break the chains that bind
The many to the few—
To emancipate slavish mind,
Paddle your own canoe.

Agriculture.

WINTERING MILK COWS.—The subject
wintering milk cows is one in which a
majority of our readers are interested.
Probably most of people who own but a
single domestic animal keep a cow, and
those who are not thus limited generally
include more or less of these faithful crea-
tures among their stock. And the milk
cow is worthy of this distinction. She
produces one of the most wholesome and
nutritious articles of food which we possess
—one always in demand, and which there
is no other means of supplying. Good
cows always command high prices, for they
are a good profit. But this profit depends
largely on the attention they receive from
their owners—whether they are so fed and
cared for that they are thrifty, and yield
largely of milk at all seasons of the year.

It is poor economy to winter cows upon
dry food alone. They need something more
abundant and nutritious. A full flow of
milk requires a generous supply of the right
kind of fodder. Carrots, beets, parsnips,
turnips in addition to hay and an occa-
sional feed of meal or shorts,—a judicious
use of hay, roots, and meal,—will keep
the animals healthy and in good flow of
milk even in winter. In England milk
cows are fed principally on turnips and
carrots, and are stabled through the
winter. They have a slight feed of straw
in the morning, noon, and evening
with occasional supply of good straw to
their mangers. Their stables are kept
clean but well littered, and are also well
ventilated, avoiding as may be, currents of
air, from which cattle will take cold as well
as human beings. The proper ventilation
stables, both for horse and cows, is too
often neglected.

Selected Tale.

THE PRETTY APPLE GIRL.

A CINCINNATI STORY.

Some years ago, when I was a ram-
bler through the streets of Cincinnati for
the purpose of picking up trifles to interest
the readers of the local column of a city
paper, I often purchased apples, nuts, and
candies, of a young girl who had a stand
near the junction of two business avenues.
She was not handsome, in the common
acceptation of this much abused word, but
there was an airiness, and yet a winning
grace in her manners, which convinced
me that her station in life should be above
the one she then occupied. She wore, in-
variably, a close-fitting calico dress. I felt
that her parents must be very poor; and,
as I saw her day after day, in the same
attire, I had my suspicion that her wardrobe
could not be very extensive; yet, as she
always appeared scrupulously neat and tidy,
it was a great mystery to me how this strik-
ing neatness was secured, and why there
was never any variety in her apparel. I
saw that it was tasteful and becoming, but
I knew that ladies are proverbial for a love
of variety in dress, and I had an interest in
knowing why this simple girl was so marked
an exception.

I have always delighted to study charac-
ter either in high or low life, and I took it
upon me to investigate the pretty apple-
girl's peculiarity. Her fruit was ever clean
and tempting, but I often made purchases
merely for the sake of forming an acquaint-
ance. At length, known to her as a liberal
patron, she began to have less reserve
with me than when I first noticed her, and
finally I was emboldened to make in-
quiries in reference to her family. It
was sometime before she conversed freely,
but, by dint of perseverance, I learned that
she lived with her mother, in a pleasant
cottage on a quiet street in the suburbs of
the city. I knew the spot—its attractive-
ness had often interested me, and I now
became more curious than ever to hear the
history of the apple-girl in the pink calico
dress.

I ventured to ask permission to call on
her mother, and make her acquaintance,
under the plea of a love for birds and flow-
ers, with both of which the cottage was
surrounded. I did not receive the encour-
agement I wished, but still was left to hope
that my curiosity might be some day grati-
fied. As obstacles to my purpose increas-
ed I became more determined, and I re-
solved to change my tactics. I could not un-
derstand the girl's disinclination to allow
our acquaintance to become, in any respect,
familiar, but I knew that she would not
dare to treat me rudely, and, watching my
opportunity, one Sunday morning, I ad-
dressed her, as she stood at the street-gate
of the cottage, and, as I admired some flow-
ers which grew in a bed near the house
she could not escape, politely, from the
necessity of inviting me to walk through the
yard. Accidentally we met the
mother. I had an invitation to enter
the cottage; of course I accepted with
pleasure, and, finding the mother inclined
to be more communicative than the daugh-
ter, I managed to learn that they were
French folks, although both spoke English
remarkably well. The cottage parlor was
furnished plainly, but elegantly. There
were upon the wall several pictures, and
upon the mantle a number of delicate works
of art, which I was satisfied could not have
been purchased by the limited earnings of
an apple-girl.

Why a young girl, who lived in such a
cottage, with such evident taste and cul-
tivation, should invariably wear a pink cali-
co dress, and sell fruits, nuts and candies
on the street, was to me a perplexing
mystery. There was a web of romance
weaving around the mysterious apple-girl
which became more and more interesting,
and every day my resolution to unravel it
became stronger. There was such modesty
in the girl's bearing at the apple-stand—
she seemed so much afraid of scandal, I
should say one converse with her longer
than was necessary to make purchases, that
there was no way left for me to solve the
mystery of her life but by visiting the cot-
tage. Again I went, without an invitation,
and boldly made known the curiosity
which led me to force myself upon them.
The daughter laughed heartily, and said
gaily—

"We have been as much at fault to un-
derstand your curiosity as you have to re-
concile our circumstances with my employ-
ment."
"Then we should be mutual confidants,"
I observed. "I have been very frank with
you and I hope you will reciprocate."
"But our relations are not similar," she
replied archly. "We are not responsible
for your curiosity, you are for ours."
"How so," I cried.
"It was forced upon us."
"Indeed," said I, "and was not mine forced upon
me, in such a manner too, as left me no
choice but to seek out the mystery? A
truce to this bandying of words; you will
not take advantage of frankness for any
other purpose than to reward it with full
explanations."

She looked at me a moment, as if ques-
tioning my apparent honesty, and then said
pleasantly—

"Well, as you have been so good a pa-
tron of my apple-stand, and taken much
pains to know the romance of my history,
if you will promise secrecy, I'll tell you."

"I'll accept any conditions that I can
fulfill," I answered, eagerly.

"Walk with me into the garden, then,"
said the girl.

We had a pleasant seat under a rustic
arbor, when the lady remarked—

"Mother told you that we once lived in
a village near Paris?"

"She did," I answered, "on my first vis-
it."

"We were not rich, but we had a pretty
cottage, and an income sufficient to sup-
port us. Father died when I was a little
girl. I had no brothers, but I had a play-
mate who was dearer to me than a brother.
As we grew older his parents, who were
rich, forbid him to visit our home. We
met in the fields. We loved each other
and would not be separated. His father
learned that we still met, and he was very
angry. He told his son that if he visited
me he should not stay at the home. Our
fathers have been bitter enemies, but we
could not understand why that should
make us enemies when we loved each other
and Emile declared that he would not
neglect me, if his father did not shut his
doors against him. One day he said to
me, 'I am going to run away, but not from
you—from father, and you shall come to
me, and then we shall never be parted
again.' It was hard for me to consent,
but Emile insisted, and we took leave of
each other, and he did run away. It was
a long time before we heard from him—
then we got a letter which told us he was
in America! He had changed very much
since Emile's absence, and mother was afraid I
would die; I coaxed her to take us to
America; Emile told us in the letter he
lived in Cincinnati. When we arrived at
Boston we inquired for Cincinnati, and
were directed to this place. Mother bought
this cottage, and here we have lived, ex-
pecting to meet Emile."

"Have you never heard from him?" I
inquired.

"Only once," she answered.

"Do you know where he is now?"

"No, indeed; if we did, we would not
stay here long!"

"Have you never written to him?"

"We do not know his name. He has
changed it, as he told us in his letter, but
he neglected to tell us what name he now
bears."

"Do you think you will ever find him?"

"Yes indeed, I do. I dream about him
every night. I know he is not dead; and
I shall soon meet him."

"What makes you so confident that you
shall find him?"

I made this enquiry, hoping it might
lead to some explanation of the pink dress
and apple-selling mystery. She understood
my look and tone of curiosity, and an-
swered pleasantly:

"That will explain to you the romance
of my dress and occupation. When
Emile and I played together in France, I
often wore a dress very much like this one.
If he should see me anywhere in this dress,
he would know me. I might see him,
but he would not recognise me, and I would
not dress in any other style, for fear we
might miss each other."

"But why sell apples in the street,"
said I with a look of admiration for her
devotion, which she could not mistake.

"There is certainly no necessity, that you
should be so occupied."

"Yes there is," she answered naively.
I must be where Emile could see me, if
he were to visit this city. I dare not be
on the street all the time, unless I was oc-
cupied, and I never thought there was any
disgrace in selling apples."

"Certainly not," I exclaimed, "but all
who know your history will honor you."
Accept my sincerest wishes, that your de-
votion to the lover of your youth, may be
fully rewarded by an early meeting and a
happy reunion."

"Thank you—thank you—but he is my
lover now, as much as he was when we
were in France, and I know I am going to
see him soon. I'll show him to you here
before winter. I know I will. Mother
says I'm foolish, but something tells me to
hope, and I do hope."

"May you not be disappointed," I said,
almost involuntarily.

A few days after this interview, I missed
the apple-girl in the pink dress, from her
accustomed stand. Fearing that she
might be sick, I resolved to call at the cot-
tage in the evening. When I went to the
boarding-house at supper-time a note was
handed to me. It contained these words:

"DEAR SIR—Come to our house this
evening. We have something more to tell
you about the romance, (as you call it) of
my humble dress and occupation."

"THE APPLE GIRL."

I went—the mother stood in the door to
welcome me, and the daughter ran to meet
me, and, taking both of my hands in hers,
in almost a delirium of joy, she cried—

"He's come—he's come!"

In her pink dress at the apple-stand she
had met Emile the day previous.

I stood that night as a witness to their
union, and a happier wedding I never at-
tended. The devotion of the simple-
hearted girl was rewarded—her faith was
not misplaced—her homely talisman
proved a true one.

Miscellaneous.

NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA.

No admitted merit—no length of service
—no elevation of rank can avert the blow
with which he is ever ready to strike the
culpable or disloyal. To maintain the
discipline of his troops, he is in the
habit of suddenly visiting their stations,
without warning—when, to the officer
or private then detected in fault! He has
been known, on the instant of discovering
remissness or inattention, to tear off, with
his own hand, epaulettes and decorative
badges of a veteran and favorite officer.—
There reveals in his temperament what may
be called a dash of romance, which, set
off by a form of great elegance and mus-
cular strength, gives to his action grace,
vivacity and interest.

When representing the imperial chief,
his details of grandeur and magnificence
may be truly and orientally gorgeous—his
audiences, banquets and festivals are im-
posing and dramatic as those in the Ara-
bian Nights—yet often from them he
breaks abruptly away—travels through his
kingdom, unknown and unobserved; gain-
ing, perhaps, admission to the palace of
some neighboring sovereign, under a ficti-
tious name; or, as a mendicant by the
wayside, claims the charity of his Emper-
or—or, it may be, as an awkward captain of a
steamer, affects to run down some lumbering
captain of a small craft on the Baltic—and
while supposed to be thus roaming over the
Empire, alarms his ministers by suddenly
presenting himself amongst them.

A few years ago, an American frigate—
alike celebrated for the beauty of her pro-
portions, the solidity of her form, and
quickness of sailing—entered the harbor
of Cronstadt. Her arrival was at once
communicated to Nicholas, and, before
her anchor was fairly down, one of his
richly-ornamented steamers was observed
approaching across the wide bay. The
steamer stopped at about one hundred
yards distance from the frigate, and a dan-
dizing group of officers was seen to enter
a barge, the course of which was imme-
diately directed towards the ship. Acting
as coxswain to this barge, and seating him-
self at the stern, appeared a conspicuous
figure, with a small white cap, encircled
by a red band, and attired in a single-
breasted dark green frock coat, the attire
corresponding with the individual's subor-
dinate capacity, and presenting a singu-
lar contrast to the epaulettes and other
finery of those under whose orders he
seemed stationed. Always prepared to
receive such visitors, our naval commander
met them at the gangway, and gave them
a cordial welcome.

Among them was the vice-chancellor of
the empire, the minister of marine, and
a number of admirals and general officers,
who went "ak" in the cabin of the com-
modore, whilst their coxswain, as if con-
scious that he must look for himself,
walked "forward" and mingled carelessly
with the common sailors. As he exam-
ined the battery and scrutinized the bul-
warks, asking now and then some ques-
tions, the hardy tars, trained to discern
the air and tone of real authority, instinc-
tively touched their tarpaulin hats, and
winking knowingly to each other, whis-
pered their conviction, that it "was the
old boy himself!" This suspicion circu-
lated with rapidity throughout the frigate,
but no one deemed it decorous, by the
slightest word or look, to intimate its ex-
istence to him who thought himself, as he
wished to be, absolutely unrecognized.—

After inspecting this proud specimen of
our naval architecture and armament, the
splendid cavalcade re-entered their barge.

And now arrived the moment when the
commodore was to decide whether he
should give the ordinary salute of twenty-
one guns, or twice that number, constitu-
ing an imperial salute. The suspected
coxswain was then observed, alone, and
leaning on the wheel of the steamer, as the
man-of-war's heavy cannon thundered from
her ports. He remained silent and sta-
tionary until at the sound of the twenty-
second gun—he started with surprise—
gathered his officers around him—and af-
ter he had explained to them that the "cute
Yankees" had seen through his disguise,
he issued his orders for the resumption of
his true character, signals were immedi-
ately noticed to be exchanged with the sur-
rounding forts, and ten or twelve Russian
ships in the harbor. The star-spangled
banner was then hoisted at the mast-head
of the steamer, gracefully playing across
the bows of the American ship, while every
other armed vessel commenced firing an-
swering salutes. When these ceased, the
flag of the Union slowly descended, and
Nicholas proclaimed his real presence by
hoisting in its stead the standard of his
house—the dark double-headed eagle, on a
yellow ground—whose appearance, as if
by magic, awoke the cannon both on the
shore and the bay, producing the deafening
roar of 2,000 guns. The self-confidence
which leads to those eccentric movements
characterizes the deportment of the sove-

reign everywhere and at all times. Our
fancies are apt to imagine him always
moving in state, and hedging himself around
with guards and attendants with all the
show and pomp of the appurtenances of
tyranny. Such is not the case. Why, the
elected citizen, the King of France, with
powers expressly defined and restricted,
feels safe only within his palace walls, or
surrounded by his soldiers, whilst Nicholas,
the unrestricted and irresponsible despot,
maintains, in all his intercourse with his
people, the freedom and carelessness of
unimportant privacy. He is seen at all
hours—in a small, singlehorse sleigh—in
an open carriage—on horseback or on foot,
unaccompanied and undisturbed except
by those familiar with his general per-
sonal appearance or physiognomy, stran-
gers often, unaware of his presence, pass
him without respect.

Dallas, late Minister to Russia.

HOME SOON.

The insignificant word—Couplet, "All
aboard, uttered thousand of times, in de-
pots and upon docks—is always a prelude
to long pangs of sorrow. Of itself, it is a
mere business behest; oftentimes, despair.
Not an hour glides in the great sea of the
past—not a moment leaps to the surface,
and then is lost forever, but some ear lis-
tens to its knell for the last time!

If your heart has become dissatisfied
with its treasures, and you are disposed to
grope amid the shadows of despondency, go
where friends are parting. We do not
know of a surer receipt for kindling the
flames of sympathy, and making "Rich-
ard himself again," than this. No one even
with a fragment of heart in his bosom, can
see the warm embraces of those who are to
go and who are to stay, or hear the tremu-
lous but earnest "good bye" and "God
bless you," uttered by lips that tremble
with their freightage, without a blessing of
his own.

A few weeks ago we were witness of a
parting which touched us deeply. It was
between two who were newly wedded, and
who, since the sweet day of their nuptial,
had not been parted for a day, hardly for
an hour. Nothing short of sheer necessity
could have called the husband from his
glad now—but the necessity came between
them, and he must not shrink. We saw
the long and wild embrace, heard the goer
whisper, "Be of good cheer—I will be
home soon," and in a few moments more
the billows rolled between the hearts that
so lately God had joined together.

"I will be home soon." These were
the words—the only consolation left, amid
so much bitterness. Perhaps the pangs of
parting were sharpened by the vague
presentiment that they might never meet
again. And so she turned from the spot,
the sad young wife, and went back to the
home whose light had so departed.

"I will be home soon." And so he was;
home before he was expected, home ere
yet the tears were dried from the eyes of
the weeper whom he had left behind. But
alas; how did he come? Encompassed by a
shroud, embraced with a coffin, cold as the
snow that crowns the monarch mountain
of Switzerland. Sure enough he was
"home soon."

They dug but one grave then; but since,
another was demanded, and now, the young
husband and the young wife sleep and
dream together.

We shall all "be home soon." What
that home shall be rests with us. The
deeds of virtue will secure a passport to
golden palaces; the enormities of vice will
end in worse than dungeon darkness.

"Home soon." So he was; and having
waited but a little while, she went home
also!

INFLUENCE OF THE PHYSICIAN.

How many thousand faces must have
passed before the doctor's eyes; how many
pitiable tales of woe must have been poured
into his ears; what awful secrets must
find a repository beneath that black satin
waistcoat! We may lie to the lawyer, we
may lie to the confessor, but to the doctor
we cannot lie. The murder must out.—
The prodigal, pressed for an account of
his debts, will keep one back; the penitent
will hide some sin from his ghostly direc-
tion; but from the doctor we can hide
nothing, or we die. He is our greatest
master here on earth.

The successful tyrant crouches before
him like a hound; the scornful beauty
bows the knee; the stern worldly man
clings desperately to him as the anchor
that will hold him from drifting into the
dark sea that hath no limits. The doctor
knows no rank. The mutilated beggar
in St. Celsus's accident ward may be a
more interesting case to him than the sick
duchess. He despises beauty—there may
be canker in its bloom. He laughs at
wealth—it may be rendered intolerable by
disease. He values not youth—it may be
ripe for the tomb, as hay for the sickle.—
He makes light of power—it cannot cure
an ache nor avert a twing of gout. He
only knows, acknowledges, values, respects
two things—Life and Death.

Household Words.

A SKETCH.

BY LAURA DOUGLASSON.

The flat went forth and the death angel's wings
Swept over the lyre, and shattered the strings:
The chalice was broken, the bright waters rushed
To love's boundless fountain, whence the first
gushed!

Softly murmured the low vernal wind,
stealing in from the half-shaded casement;
and ventured to play with the petals of a
beautiful Geranium, that stood in a vase
of crystal, on a marble stand in the hushed
chamber, where lay my young favorite, and
departing sister Ada. She
had scarcely wreathed the flowers of seven-
teen summers, but she was ripe for the
garden of God! Her form was fair as
the queen of the vale; her eyes were dark,
lustrous and stary as the gems of night;
her hair was as dark as the cloud at mid-
night, and glossy as silk; her calm, snow
brow was set with the signet of genius
and a world of thought lay in the brilliant
orbs that glanced on you, so full of love,
truth and sympathy: Indeed she was
beautiful; but her mind was fairer still.

. At the early age of twelve,
she withdrew from all frivolous amusement
and delighted to peruse the pages of the
Pocket Bible, daily, and every hour that
was granted from her scholastic duties, she
spent in the solitude of her chamber, read-
ing "Wordsworth," "Shakespeare," "Ten-
nyson," or some American author. She
was gentle and frank in her deportment,
and beloved by old and young for her
amiability &c.

And when she had attained her fifteenth
year, she embraced with her whole heart,
the sublime elements of Christianity, and
was a member of our little society in
Smithville, N. Y. A year pre-
vious to her death, she had formed a h.
menial connexion with a young gentleman
of great moral worth, and respectable lit-
erary attainments. Heaven had smiled on
their union; her cup of felicity seemed
full, to overflowing. Alas! that change
should mar, such an Eden of true affec-
tion such a fane of domestic bliss. But it
came in the form of rapid illness, the fair
young bride, the sweet juvenile mother of
seven weeks is suddenly laid low on a bed
of pain and agony. Love is unable to give
her relief. Friendship and sympathy avail
her not—her time has come—she knew it
—but her face, pale as snow-wreath, is as
calm as heaven! She saw her friends en-
circle her bed—saw them in tears; and
said in a low thrilling voice! "Beloved
husband, mourn not—Jesus is calling: I
must leave your arms for his everlasting
bosom—we meet in Heaven. Oh! be both
father and mother to the little blossom—
our babe, Mary." Here she kissed the
golden-haired infant; and a tear said fond
and maternal, fell from her dying eye,
upon the hand of the husband. Oliver
carried his infant girl from the bed and
wept! And again she spoke to her weep-
ing friends, saying "Dear friends do not
weep for me; I am going home to Par-
adise. Love and trust in God. We shall
all meet above. Sing to me the following
stanza!"

"O! Death thou art welcome I fear not thy sway,
At the fiat of Jesus; come bear me away.
The scene of my mortal sojourn, above—
To a banquet unending, prepared in love!
O! List 'tis the singing of seraphim's Lyre;
Their soft numbers that float round my
side:
Go! the immortals are ready to wing
My soul to the bowers of eternity's Spring!"

Far away, till the morn of salvation appears:
The dead shall be waked from their sleep of long
years.
And Love's boundless Ocean, in melody roll—
Each wave, but an angel, or musical soul!

German, N. Y., Oct. 17, 1854.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

What a curious sensation that is which
troubles a man upon such a mission!—
Why does the elegantly arranged sentence,
studied with so much care, in order alike
to avoid formality and familiarity, begin
to seem bald, and bold, and bungling, just
as it is about to be wanted? Why is it finally
revised upon the coarse mat in the hall,
and utterly rejected upon the silky mat on
the landing? Why do you feel choking,
as with thirst, and yet could not drink the
elixir of life if it were presented to you?—
Why would you pay a hundred guineas a
step to have the staircase twice as long as
it is, and yet you go up as hastily as if you
were escaping from a poor relation? Why
does the pleasing bow with which you
have so often stooped to conquer—you
know it—seem to you at once a great deal
too low, and a great deal too slight, and
altogether abominable? Why do you wish
you had put on that other cravat? In
short, why is your sense so keenly awakened to
the outward man, and to the outside
phrase, and why do you forget that you
have hitherto looked like a gentleman, and
spoken like a philosopher, and generally
done your duty in that state of life in which
it has pleased Providence to place you,
and that there is no particular reason why,
at one o'clock this fine day, you should
make a failure? It is a satisfactory an-
swer to say that all this is because there
sits in the low chair near the window, in
that drawing room, a bright-eyed young
person of the other sex, who, if you could
only see it, can hardly hold her crotchets
work for her tremor, who knows intensely
well what you mean, and what you have
come for, and who designs to make you
the kindest possible answer, poor thing!
if she should be able to find proper words,
and who, in the meantime, is in about as
fit a condition to criticise you, as I am to
correct the "Jupiter Symphony" or the
"Nautical Almanac." Let me appeal to
some of my friends whether I have over-
stated the case.—Bentley's Magazine.

Historical.

MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND.

1647.

We have given the entire doings of the
General Assembly of the freeman of the
whole province of R. Island, at their first
meeting at Portsmouth, unto the charter
obtained by Mr. R. Williams (except the
digest of the laws) which being very volu-
minous were omitted. They are, how-
ever, worthy the perusal of every man
desirous of an acquaintance with the early
institutions of Rhode Island; and for
their intrinsic merit as a body of very
good and wholesome laws are well worthy
the perusal of modern Legislators and
Jurists.

We hear subjoin Calendars brief account
of the charter and the acts and doings un-
der it; and although they have been
already detained—the condensed form in
which he has summed up the most promi-
nent features of the Government then estab-
lished, has induced us to extract the fol-
lowing:—

"But all the inhabitants in the Narra-
gansett Bay, being without a patent, and
any legal authority, 1643 Mr. R. Williams
went to England as Agent, and by the
help and assistance of Sir Henry Vane,
jun. obtained of Earl of Warwick (ap-
pointed by Parliament Governor and Ad-
miral of all the Plantations) and his
Council, "a free and absolute charter of
civil incorporation, by the name of the
"incorporation of Providence Plantations,"
"in the Narragansett Bay in New Eng-
land;" empowering them "to rule them-
selves, and such as should inhabit within
their bounds, by such a form of civil
Government, as by the voluntary agree-
ment of all, or the greater part, shall be
"found most serviceable, in their estate
and condition; and to make suitable laws
agreeable to the laws of England, so far
as the nature and constitution of the
place will admit, &c."—It was dated 17th
of March, 19 b Charles, i. e. 1643—4, but
it was before Mr. Williams brought it over.
It is not to be wondered at, if it took
them some time to agree in a method.

In 1647 May 10th, a General Assembly
of the Province (as then called) estab-
lished a body of very good and wholesome
laws, agreeable to the English Statute
Book; and erected a form of civil Govern-
ment for the Administration of the laws
and the making such other, as should be
found necessary. The supreme power
was left in the body of the people, assem-
bled in an orderly way; a court of Com-
missioners, consisting of six persons,
chosen by each of the four towns of Pro-
vidence, Portsmouth, Newport and War-
wick, had a Legislative authority, at least
their acts were to be in force, unless re-
pealed within a limited time, by the vote
of major part of the freemen of the pro-
vince, to be collected at their respective
town meetings appointed for that end.

A President and four Assistants were
chosen yearly, to be conservators of the
peace, with all civil power, and by a spe-
cial commission, they were Judges of the
court of trials, assisted by the two War-
dens or Justices of the particular town,
in which the court sat from time to time.

Every town chose a Council of six per-
sons, to manage their town affairs, and
their town court, had the trial of small
cases, but with an appeal to the court of
the President and Associates.

HARD TIMES. We have heard it said that the dress-makers in this city have never had such constant demands on their time as during the present winter, and we believe this is unquestionably the gayest season we have known in Newport for many years.

The number of vessels that passed the Cross River Light Ship, as reported in the Nantucket *Mirror* during the past year, was nineteen thousand, eight hundred and forty-three.

The Legislature of this State commences its January session in Providence on Monday next.

Jews in the United States.—According to the synagogue rolls, there are more than 120,000 Jews in the United States.

The remains of Madame Sontag have last been shipped from Vera Cruz to Hamburg, to be interred in her native land.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.—The young lad who is unable to sport a riding habit should get into a walking habit.

of the city, is paid for out of the proceeds of an acre of land left many years ago by a prisoner to one of the clergymen for the pasturage of a cow.

Punch says that the "cloak of religion" is to be known sometimes by the *fine* it has during the sermon time.

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CITY COUNCIL. NEWPORT, Jan. 9, 1855. BOARD OF ALDERMEN.—Present His Honor the Mayor, Aldermen Hunter, Stevens, May and... [The text continues with detailed reports from the City Council, including financial statements, resolutions on public works, and various petitions. It also includes a section for 'Special Notices' and a 'Weekly Almanac' for January 1855. The document is a historical record of local government proceedings.]

